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HS193

contents OCTOBER 2012



6 ASA AKIRA Land of The Rising Cum

20 LEXI & BREANNE Extreme Lesbian Sex

30 3 MISTRESSES Notorious Tales Of The World's Greatest Golfer

36 THE GIFT OF GASHMina & Alysa's Wrong-Hole Reality Check!

48 SUNNY LEONE RETURNS!

58 JUST THE 3 OF US On The Set of Menage a Trois Madness

64 LANA LOPEZ Valley Of The Doll

78 MADISON PARKER: HARD TIME Seed Demon For Rock-Hard Cellmates

92 MAXIMUM HARDCORE Warning: Extreme Sex Acts

96 DANCING WITH THE PORN STARS Francesca & Sandy's Pussy Licking Paso Doble

112 CAMPUS PORN, SLUT WALKS & THE WORST "F" WORD IN THE WORLD The Making Of The Neo-Cunt Coed

120 INDIA SUMMER Porn Star Spotlight

138 TOILET TART Mellie: Queen Of Her Throne

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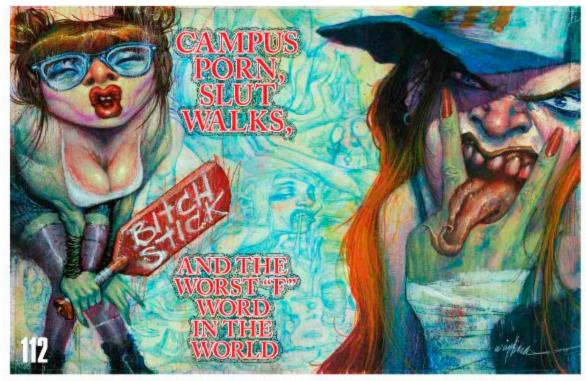
































RENG BUM













sian **Asa Akira** is all about ass—and she's placed her delectable donut-hole on the table in a glorious butt buffet that'll have you cumming back for seconds! Serving herself up in this sexy spread, Asa's titanic tits and purr-fect pussy are enough to make your mouth water, but it's her butt that makes this slut so damn special. Plunging her play stick into that greasy, gaping asshole is enough to make our heart skip a beat—as we beat our meat!









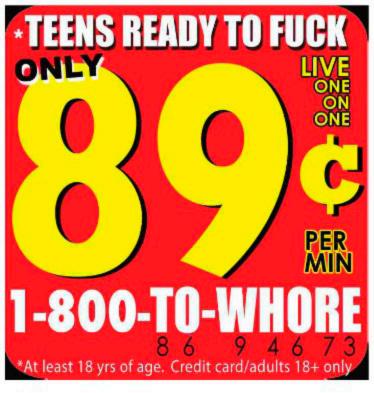








































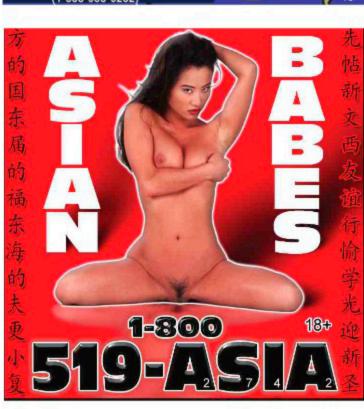












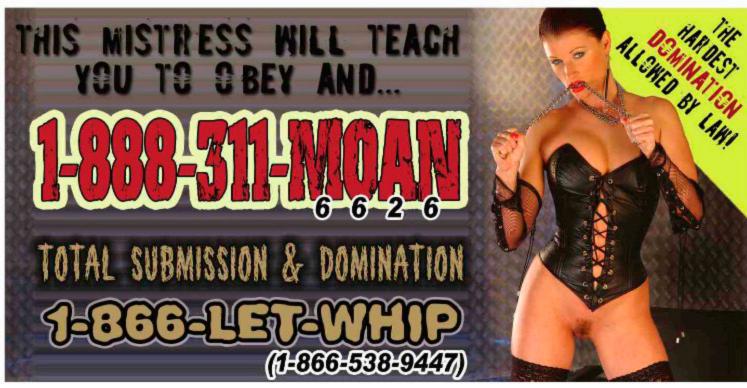






































MISTRESSES NOTORIOUS TALES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST GOLFER!

HIGH SOCIETY EXCLUSIVE

Interview by B. SKOW, Additional Reporting by ROB PEREZ ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

Y NOW WE'VE ALL HEARD THE STORIES, WATCHED THE NEWS ACCOUNTS, AND READ THE TABLOIDS, AND WE'RE STILL BAFFLED HOW THE GREATEST GOLFER IN THE HISTORY OF THE SPORT ALLOWED HIMSELF TO GET CAUGHT UP IN SUCH A BIZARRE SEX SCANDAL. OF COURSE, FOR THE UNINITIATED, IT ALL STARTED ON THANKSGIVING 2009, WHEN THE WORLD LEARNED OF THE TURKEY DAY DUSTUP INVOLVING GOLFING LEGEND TIGER WOODS AND HIS WIFE, ELIN [NORGEGREN]. ANGERED BY HER HUSBAND'S ALLEGED TEXT MESSAGES TO RACHEL UCHITEL, ELIN LITERALLY WENT SWINGING AFTER WOODS WITH A 9-IRON, SMASHING HIS CAR, AND CAUSING NEIGHBORS TO CALL 911. FAST-FORWARD TO A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, AND NEWS OF TIGER'S ALLEGED SEXUAL TRYSTS QUICKLY BEGAN TO UNRAVEL.

NOW, THREE OF HIS ALLEGED MISTRESSES: JOSLYN JAMES, DEVON MICHAELS, AND HOLLY SAMPSON—APPEAR ON CAMERA TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME TO DISCUSS—AND ACT OUT ON-SCREEN IN INTIMATE DETAIL-THE SEXUAL PROCLIVITIES OF THE TIGER THEY GOT TO KNOW. IN VIVID'S 3 MISTRESSES, ADULT FILM DIRECTOR B. SKOW GETS THE TRIO TO OPEN UP. FIGURATIVELY AND LITERALLY, TO GIVE US AN INSIDE THE ROPES LOOK AT THE LEGENDARY GOLFER'S ALLEGED SEXUAL TASTES AND DESIRES.



B. SKOW: Is there any type of jealousy because you've all been with Tiger? JOSLYN JAMES: No. Everyone had a

BS: You were the most serious, right? JJ: Yeah.

BS: He was with Devon a few times and Holly one time.

JJ: Yes.

different thing with Tiger.

BS: Devon James, you're one of Tiger's Mistresses?

DEVON JAMES: I am.

BS: You've been on all the talk shows and everything?

DJ: I have been.

BS: Which shows?

DJ: Joy Behar, Extra, Chelsea Lately.

BS: You're a sexy little girl. You're one of the hotter Tiger girls.

DJ: Do you think? Really, because people say nasty stuff like, 'Does he only fuck gross girls? We give her a minus-10.' That's kind of hurtful.

BS: Holly Sampson, Tiger's mistress, are you one of the numbers? You know how they [the press] numbered them all? HOLLY SAMPSON: Yeah, I was number five at first; then I went to number six. Some places I'm number seven. [Laughs] I did fuck him.

BS: Did you do all the talk shows? HS: I did Extra, I did Geraldo, and I also did an interview for Splash News. So far that's really it. I was very selective and I wasn't really ready to deal with the barrage of media and everything, and all the offers. I really wanted to take my time and think about what I was going to do.

BS: Did Tiger ever talk to you about these girls?

JJ: Nope.

BS: Even at the end when you found out? JJ: Nope. He said I was the only one besides his wife.

BS: When you see these girls does it piss you off a little bit?

JJ: No.

BS: No jealousy?

JJ: No. I don't have anything to be jealous [about]. We're all completely different



DISCLAIMER: Black actor who engages in intimate sex acts with Joslyn James, Devon Michaels, and Holly Sampson IS NOT TIGER WOODS!





"WE WENT TO BED IN THE SAME BED, WOKE UP IN THE MORNING, AND HAD BREAKFAST. IT WAS LIKE A REAL RELATIONSHIP. HE JUST HAPPENED TO BE MARRIED."—JOSLYN JAMES

girls. I've never been mad at any girl that's ever been with a guy that I was with.

DJ: You know what? I was the oddest one with him because I was dominant. I think he liked so many different girls because he has so many different quirks. He was submissive with me, I was dominant.

BS: So it's not going to be weird, you guys all hooking-up together, the three Tiger Girls?

JJ: I guess it will be a *little* weird, but stranger things have happened.

BS: He must've been really into you because the other girls, all their stories are

of them with other girls. It was never one-on-one with them.

JJ: No, [with me] it was always one on one.

and him?

JJ: Yeah. We went to bed in the same bed, woke up in the morning, and had

and had breakfast. It was like a real relationship.

move on.

He just happened to be married. Maybe I was his muse.

BS: He loves his wife and family, but he was probably passionate with you?

JJ: I thought we had a lot of passion.

BS: You don't miss him at all? **JJ**: There are times I do, but you got to

Devon James shows off her shaved beaver while being questioned by Mr. B., who continues the conversation about her first encounter with the progolfer. Devon, a very attractive woman who knows how to tease, looks like she's clearly ready to fuck, but she first reveals how her sterling celebrity hook-up loved to be pleased.

BS: The first time you fucked him he paid? **DEVON JAMES:** Yeah.

BS: [At the time] you were escorting and doing a girl-girl show?

DJ: Yeah.







BS: You brought toys?

DJ: Yeah, there were a lot of toys involved.

BS: Was it just for him?

DJ: It was for me and her, and him to watch.

BS: So, he was the only guy there. So he hired you. Was it at a hotel or a house?

DJ: Yeah. He called my girlfriend who lives in Tampa, who has her own escort agency, and he wanted another girl, so she called me.

BS: She [the escort agent] didn't tell you it was Tiger Woods?

DJ: He called...she had an ad in one of the adult sections, and she's a hot girl, too. We like fucking each other. He told me he was kind of a dork in college and [was] always made fun of. I think he's intimidated by girls [who] dominate [him] and that's something that turns him on.

BS: Were you drinking?

DJ: Yeah.

BS: Did he last a long time?

DJ: Yeah, we did 20, 25 minutes.

BS: Did he fuck you hard?

DJ: He had a nice cock, so...

BS: So Devon, you do the girl-girl show. He takes you aside—not the other girl—or did he fuck you both?

DJ: We were both with him. We exchanged numbers that night and he never saw her

again, although my good friend. I brought

again, although my good friend, I brought her up there several times for threesomes. I like to be in control and I think that made him feel powerless, which is really sexy for a girl.

"HE HAS A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH AND HE HAS BEAUTIFUL TEETH. HE'S CLEAN. YOU CAN EAT OFF HIM."—DEVON JAMES





BS: Did he fuck good?
[Legs spread apart, showing her pussy] **DJ:** We didn't fuck all that much, and I would rate it a six. It wasn't boring. It wasn't hair-pulling, ass slapping...

BS: Did you kiss him?

DJ: Yes, like sensual, sexual kissing.

BS: [Do] you do that with other guys that are paying you?

DJ: It's a rarity. Absolutely.

BS: So with him you liked him enough to do it.

DJ: He has a beautiful mouth and he has beautiful teeth. He's clean. You can eat off him.

BS: How many times were you with him?

DJ: On and off from the end of 2006 to the end of 2008—I met him really for the first time in 2000. He had a golf tournament up at Crescent Beach. So we met for the first time there, although I've never said that. I said the first time I met him was in 2006, but that was by coincidence. His face dropped when he saw me—because he didn't know who was coming over—and I didn't want anyone else to know I had met him before because it's a personal issue.

BS: How was that? You walk in through the door and there he is. Was he happy?

DJ: Jesus, he was happy; he was nervous, he had a lot of questions.

BS: Did you fuck him in 2000?

DJ: Uh huh. That is the first time I had sex with him. The rest of our little escapades, when I met back with him in 2006 through my escort friend, [were] not like the first time. It wasn't lovemaking. It was violent, because I was taking out some sort of aggression on him, and he liked it.

BS: Do you enjoy doing that to guys? **DJ:** I'm really a gentle, passionate person, but if you hurt me and screw me, I just can't forgive you.

After a brief striptease montage featuring Josyln and Holly, Ms. Sampson is up next to share her thoughts about the night she spent with the only man legitimately filled with Tiger blood.

BS: You were hired to do a sex show? **HOLLY SAMPSON:** I was hired to do a sex show.

BS: You and [another] girl?

HS: Two girls for a group of people. All for his closest friends or entourage, if you want to say it that way.

BS: Was it his birthday?

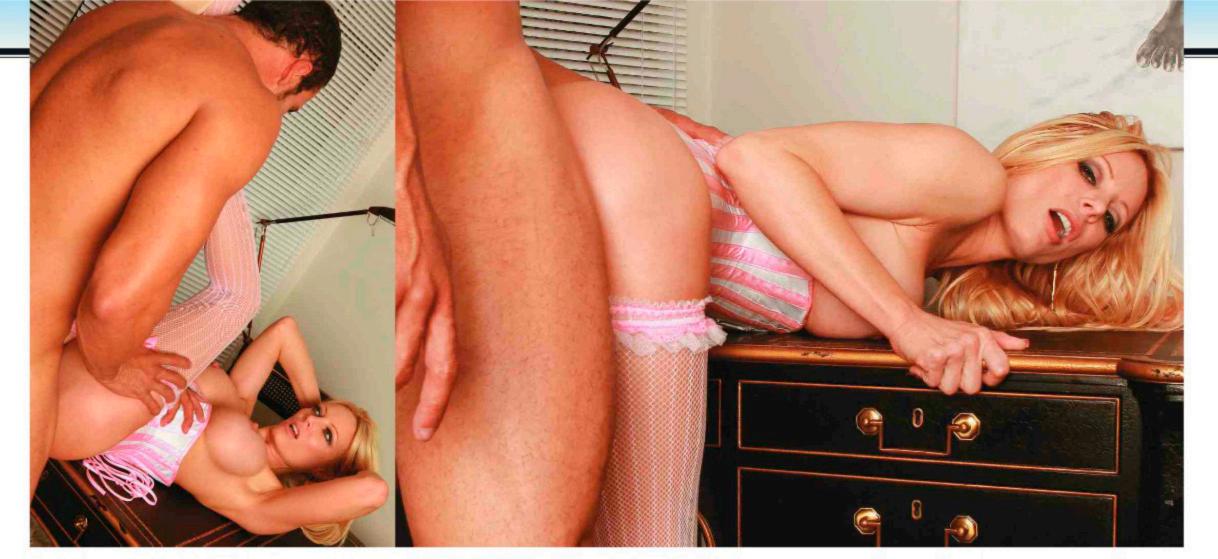
HS: It was his birthday. It was a bachelor'sstyle party that I did for his birthday. So I
got the phone call and then I called my
girls. Then we went to one of the local
shops, The Pleasure Chest, and bought a
lot of toys. They said they wanted the
show to be wild and I don't really think
they realized what they were getting themselves into when they asked me to make it
as wild as humanly possible. [Laughs]

BS: What year is it?

HS: It was about 10 years ago.







"THE SEX THAT WE HAD WAS VERY INTIMATE AND SENSUAL. I WENT INTO THE ROOM AND WE HAD A CONVERSATION. HE WAS SUCH A NICE GUY, SO WE STARTED TO GET UNDRESSED, WENT TO THE BED, AND IT WAS VERY INTIMATE—ACTUAL LOVEMAKING."—HOLLY SAMPSON









hat do you get for the man who has nothing? **Mina** was going to get her boyfriend a watch, so maybe he could be on time and hold a job for more than two days. But what he really wanted was a threesome. These days, more women are agreeing to bring human sex toys into the bedroom. Mina finally settles on a pump-action penis gobbler named **Alysa**. The three fuck like drunken bunnies. Alysa and Mina stop sucking long enough to sing happy birthday, but when it's time for him to blow out the candles, he hurls a hunk of hot scum into their faces.





























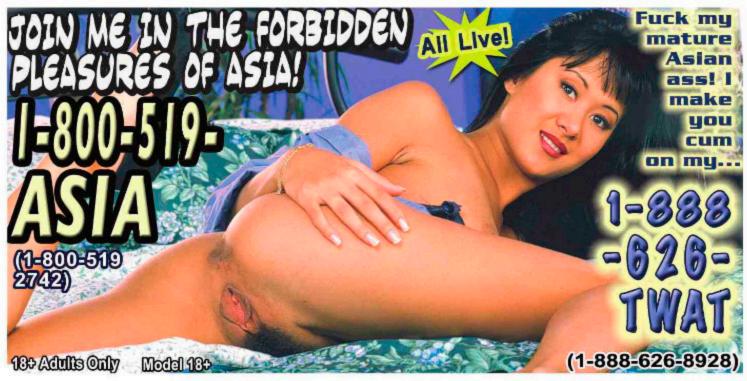
























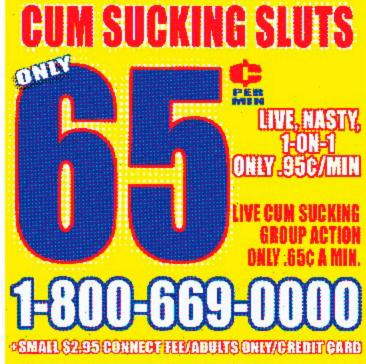












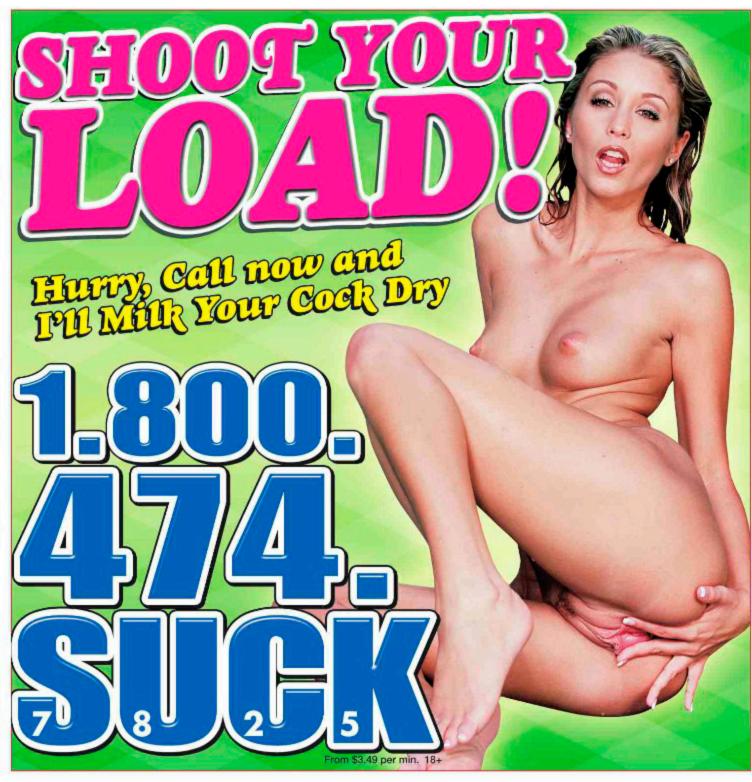








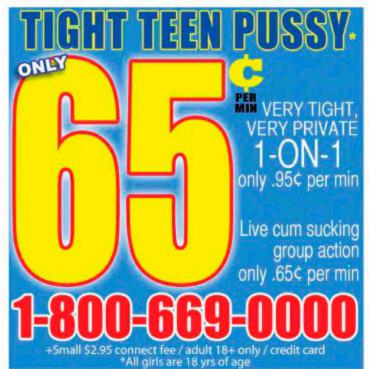
























STARRING: ALETTA OCEAN, AMY RIED, BRIANA BLAIR, BELLINI, JASMINE BLACK, SHALINA DEVINE AND MICHELLE MOIST WITH CHOKY ICE, DAVID PERRY, LESLIE TAYLOR, ANDREA MORANTY, JUSTICE YOUNG, SABBY, AND JAMES BROSSMAN **STUDIO:** DIGITAL SIN

ven when you limit a sexual situation to three people there seems to be so many happy combinations: three chicks; two chicks and a dick; one chick with two pricks—surely that's adequate. In this fine movie, *Just the 3 of Us*, we explore combinations that include at least one female and a one-cock minimum.

The girls we with explore today are Aletta Ocean, Amy Ried, Briana Blair, Bellini, Jasmine Black, Shalina Devine, and Michelle Moist. The penises are attached to men with names, but we'll let their dicks do the talking as they rock these hot and demanding girls.

It's hours of fun, with nearly every hole taken advantage of, sometimes by a couple guys, and there's a ton of DP action, as well. How do hot chicks become so dirty?—one of life's great, glorious mysteries.

Aletta Ocean, Choky Ice & David Perry

You don't need to know Aletta personally to understand that she's one of those rare beauties whose sexdrive is even more impressive than her looks. It's no surprise that she takes two cocks in this movie, one from a guy named David and another from Choky. Yeah, that Choky! It's a pool scene and never mind that her bikini top never comes off, because it obscures nothing and certainly doesn't come close to blocking any of her holes, all of which are used vigorously.

It starts innocently enough, a hot girl with a Bettie Page haircut sucking a couple of guys' cocks by the pool, then naturally one guy starts fucking her wet little twat while she contin-

ues sucking the other cat's prick, and since she's in position they all think maybe they could do a little double penetration. She settles herself down on one cock, her pussy stuffed to the rim, and then his buddy comes in from behind and puts his pecker in her hershey hole and it's that sweet, familiar feeling for the howling Aletta who wouldn't mind a third cock in her pouty mouth, but she's not going to get greedy and whine about it.

Without the slightest regard for pool safety this trio of nastiness plug holes like a boat is going to sink, and Aletta is the liferaft that we all wish we had, a lifesaving device that will fuck you blind and suck your wad out of you and swallow it, too, all while floating you to safety. If the world is going to end, let us be with a girl like Aletta.







Amy Ried, Briana Blair & Justice Young

Here's another pool fantasy gone terribly right. Two perfectly-busty blondes whose comparative hotness could be debated all day long from a comfortable pool chair while watching them make-out and fondle each other in the pool, then they even swim to the side where they take turns lapping the chlorine out of each other's cooch, dipping deeper to where the honey drips and closer to where the G-spot lingers mysteriously.

While many of us would be satisfied to sit there with our beers and hoot and holler like a bunch of dumb hillbillies at this lesbo show, there is, thankfully, always one guy in the crowd who knows an opportunity when he sees it spreadlegged in front of him. That Einstein in this scene is Justice and he is rewarded supremely, getting the opportunity to lay both of these pussies from the pool, nailing each of them doggie and missionary, letting them ride his cock and sucking on their bouncy tits until finally they need to hit the showers, so he gives them a little present they can wash off while they're getting ready to head wherever it is hot and horny girls like this head.





Bellinia, Leslie Taylor & Sabby

They say if you put a bunch of monkeys in a room with a bunch of typewriters eventually they'll bang out some Shakespeare, but we already have the Bard and prefer another experiment: If you and your buddy knock on enough doors will a superfucking hot chick finally open the door and let you both come in and fuck her? It looks like the answer to that question is yes.

Bellinia looks like she's been waiting to hear that knock for quite some time and she is pussy-wet and ready. It certainly doesn't take much talking once she opens the door, it's more of an inviting look and before you can exchange a proper hello the guys are fighting to get her dress off and she's dipping their sticks into her hello hole one after the other, getting them ready to slide into her naughty-nethers.

They get their pick, too, with Bellinia eager to get fucked in both holes and, much to everyone's delight, even get DP'd, a wall-crunching experience that has all the neighbors taking note (and no doubt planning on knocking on her door soon, too). The double-dick fun rubs her the right way and after she has cum on both their cocks, both their bones burst on her, splattering her face and considerable tits.



Jasmine Black, Andrea & David Perry

Jasmine may be the best bang since The Big One and the way Andrea and David tear into her three opportunities there appears to be a convincing argument. There is no debate about the enthusiasm this dark-haired wonder has, jerking and sucking them stiff before spreading her legs wide and telling them to do with her as they please.

They aren't so polite to say "Please," maybe they left their copy of *Emily Post's Guide to Bangin' Sluts* back at the house, but Jasmine couldn't give a toss. Her pussy is open to offers and her ass is by no means off-limits. After the guys have each taken those entries they go for the double-stuff, her shaved, sticky-wet snatch taking one cock and her tight ass welcoming the other. They make an Olympic sport of it, doing her first on the couch and then for a daring bang where the guys stand up and hold her in the middle, sliding her back and forth as her cunt and ass relay their pricks.

Finally sensing the girl needs a little refreshment, they drop the huge-racked sweetie to the ground and she handles them with mouth and hands, until their loads fly, dripping out of her mouth, and unable to miss those giant titties below.









Shalina Devin, Michelle Moist & James

The way these two get it on it hardly seems necessary to bring in a dude. Their abilities to get each other off and often are made very clear very quickly, but then there's the rumble of a motorcycle and we all know chicks are suckers for a guy on a bike, and this one wears a leather jacket and forgot to shave for just the right amount of time, so immediately these two are all over him, making out, and grabbing at his cock before he can even put down his kickstand.

He proves as capable of riding two dames as a two-wheeler and soon blondie is shoving his rod into the cooch of her friend, sucking on his balls, and licking her friend's ass to make sure that everyone is having a good time. She is given the same treatment and then they just go back in a blur of blonde and brunette fuckings, until James finally turns down his own road, shooting his white fumes across their faces before he zips up and disappears down the lonesome road. Live to ride whores, ride whores to live.

For more on filthy threesome from Just the 3 Of Us visit digitals indvd.com.



























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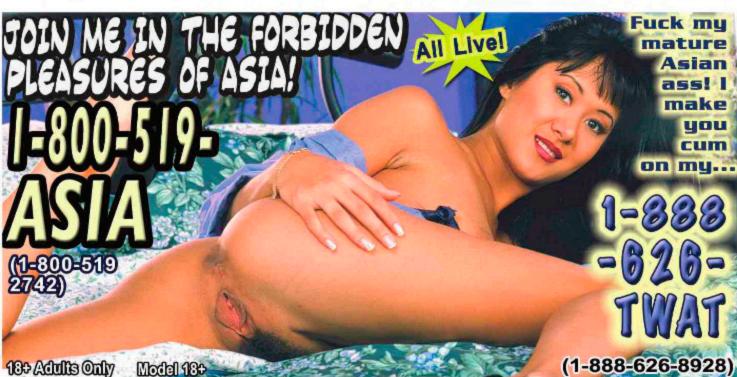










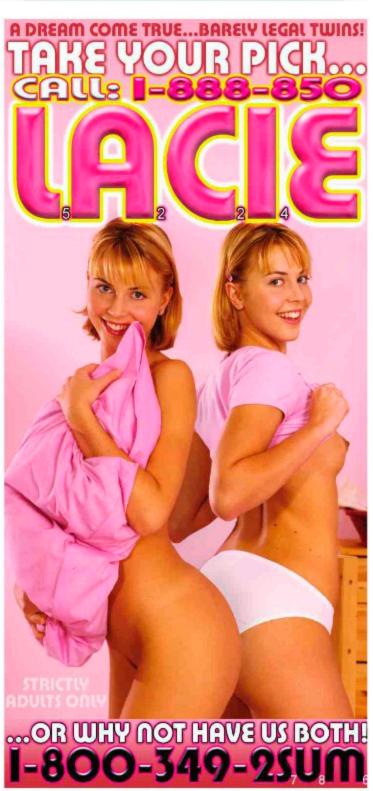
























ALL ANAL ALL THE TIME!!!



nything that can't be bought in the prison commissary is considered contraband behind bars. Illegal items are brought in through the mail, muled inside using body cavities, and slipped behind old Polaroid pictures. "Anything available on the outside is available on the inside," says inmate Choky Ice. He and celly Nick are doing bids for violation of the state Penal Code. Just how they snuck seed demon **Madison Parker** into their cell they're not telling. They have enough trouble just trying to keep the little bobble-headed ball-sucker quiet. She moans and squeals like a pleased piglet as the two cons take turns gut-fucking the backdoor-loving babe. Those unexplained eerie clanging sounds you hear at night? That's the sound of the men, working on the train gang.





ALL ANAL ALL THE TIME!!!





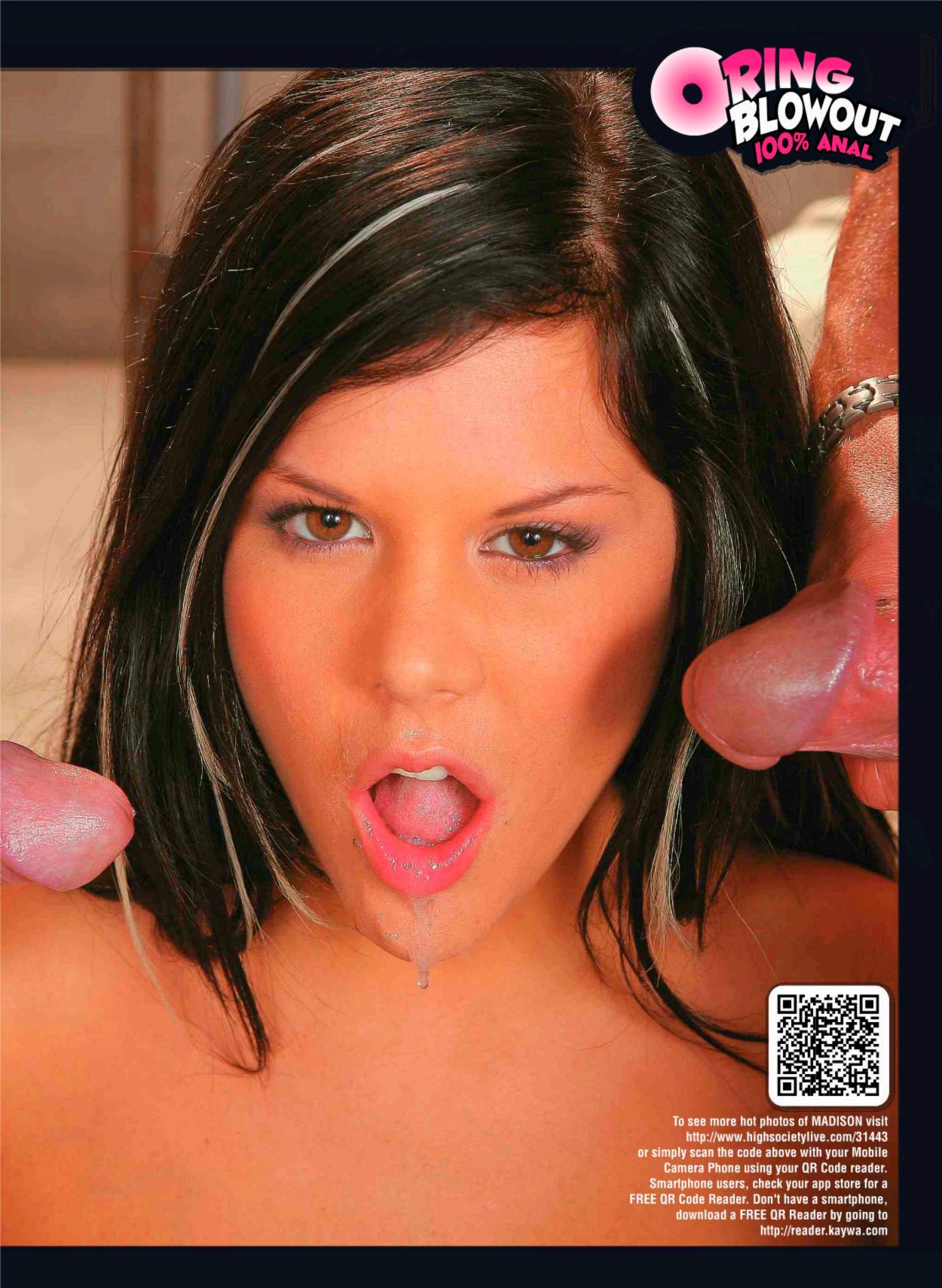
























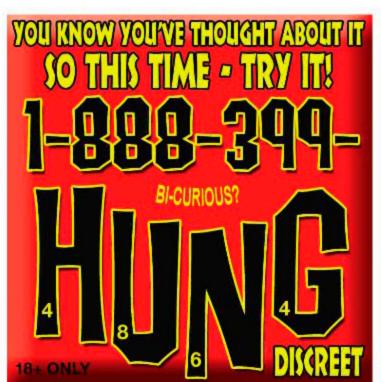












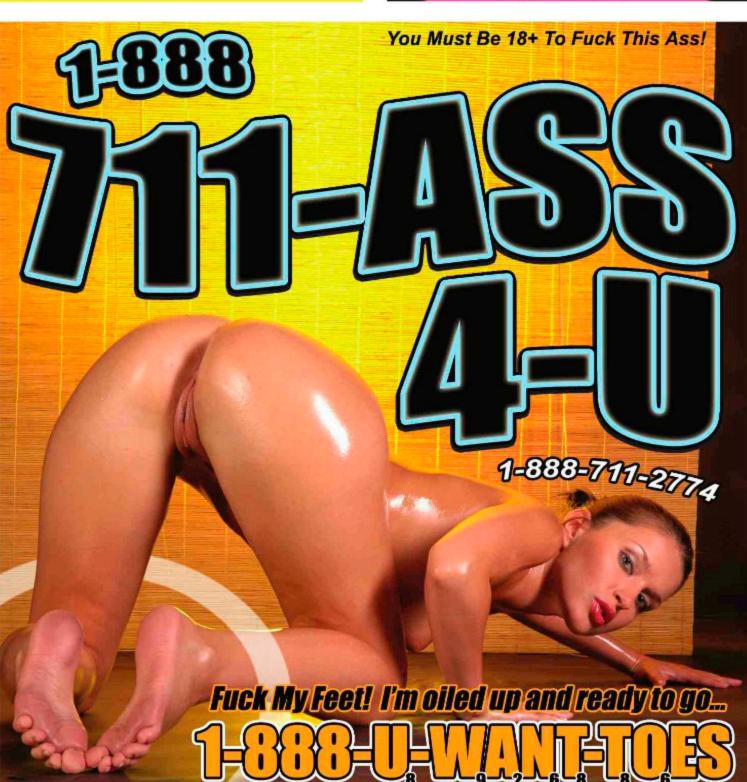






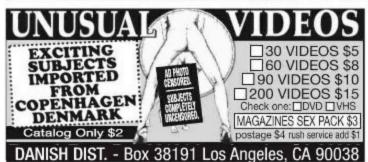




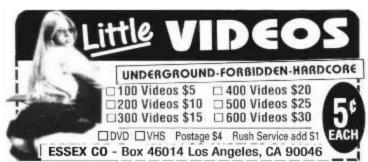


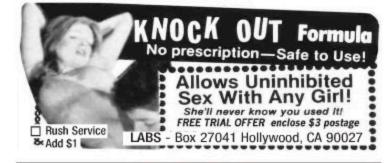




















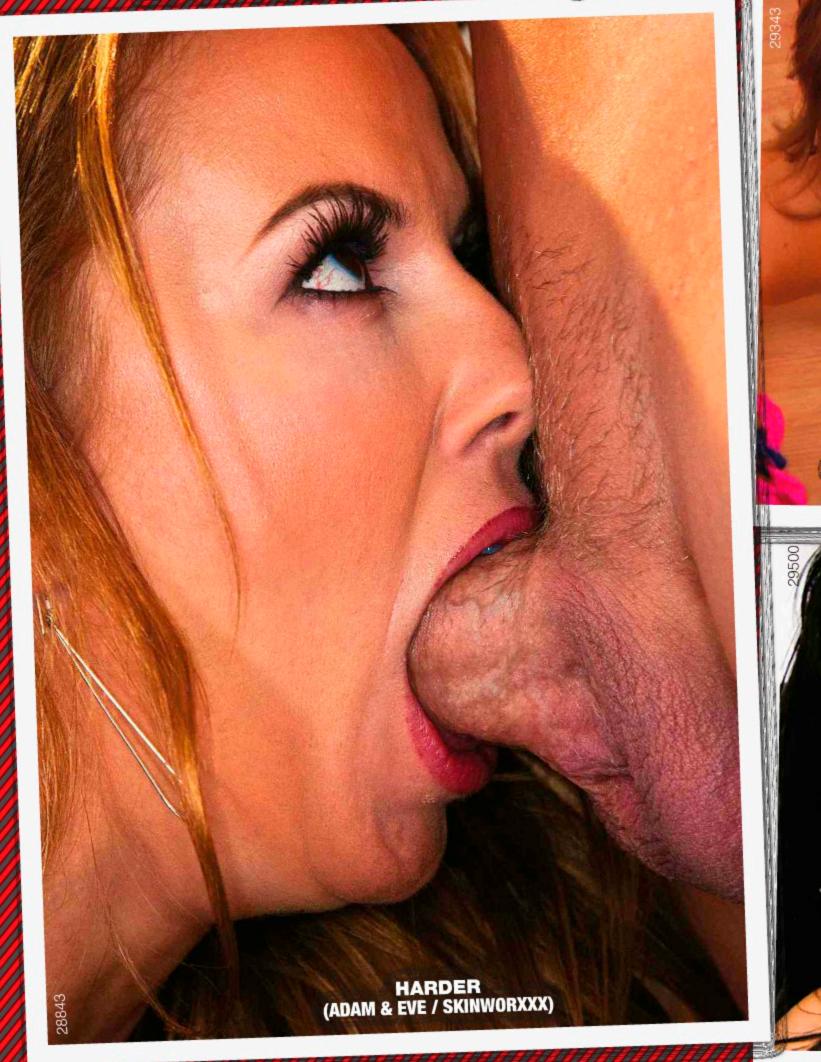




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DANGING WITH ITHE DANGING WITH STATE OF THE STATE OF THE



ancing with the Porn Stars" was a reality show that never quite made it. The series paired sluts like **Sandy** and **Francesca** in a dance contest that challenged them to perform XXX routines to out-of-date music from a strip club juke box. Scoring was arbitrary, but the judges typically reserved high marks for, say, analingus during a Lindy Hop. Sandy and Francesca nailed a pussy Paso Doble and then nailed each other. The highlight of their performance: a raunchy double-cum lickdown. It may not be as popular as that other show, but DWTPS beats the hell out of watching Bronson Pinchot square dance with Joan Crawford's plucked carcass for past due child-support.











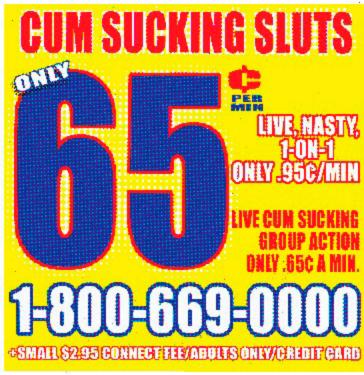
















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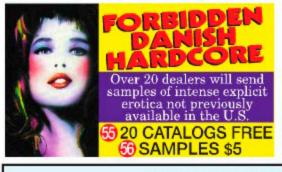
























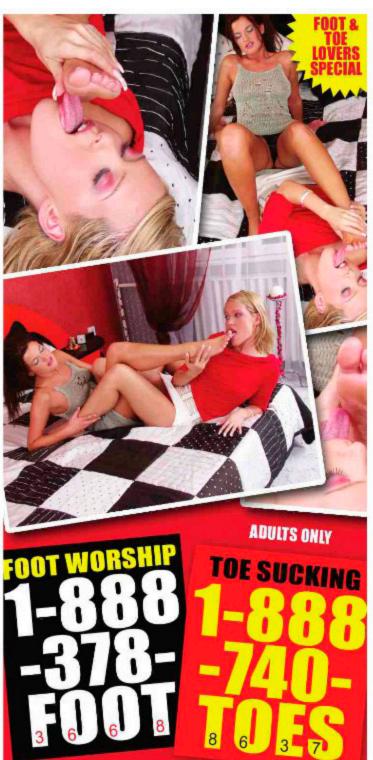
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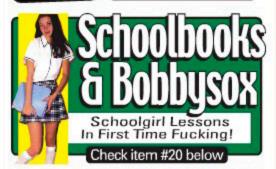












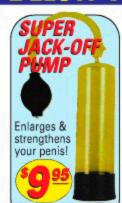








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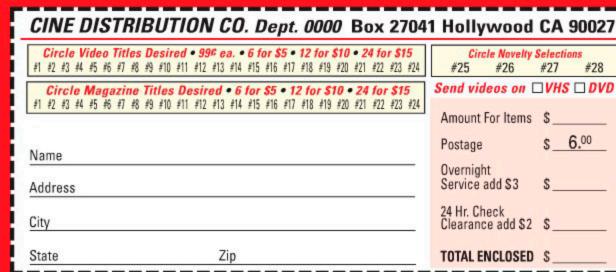


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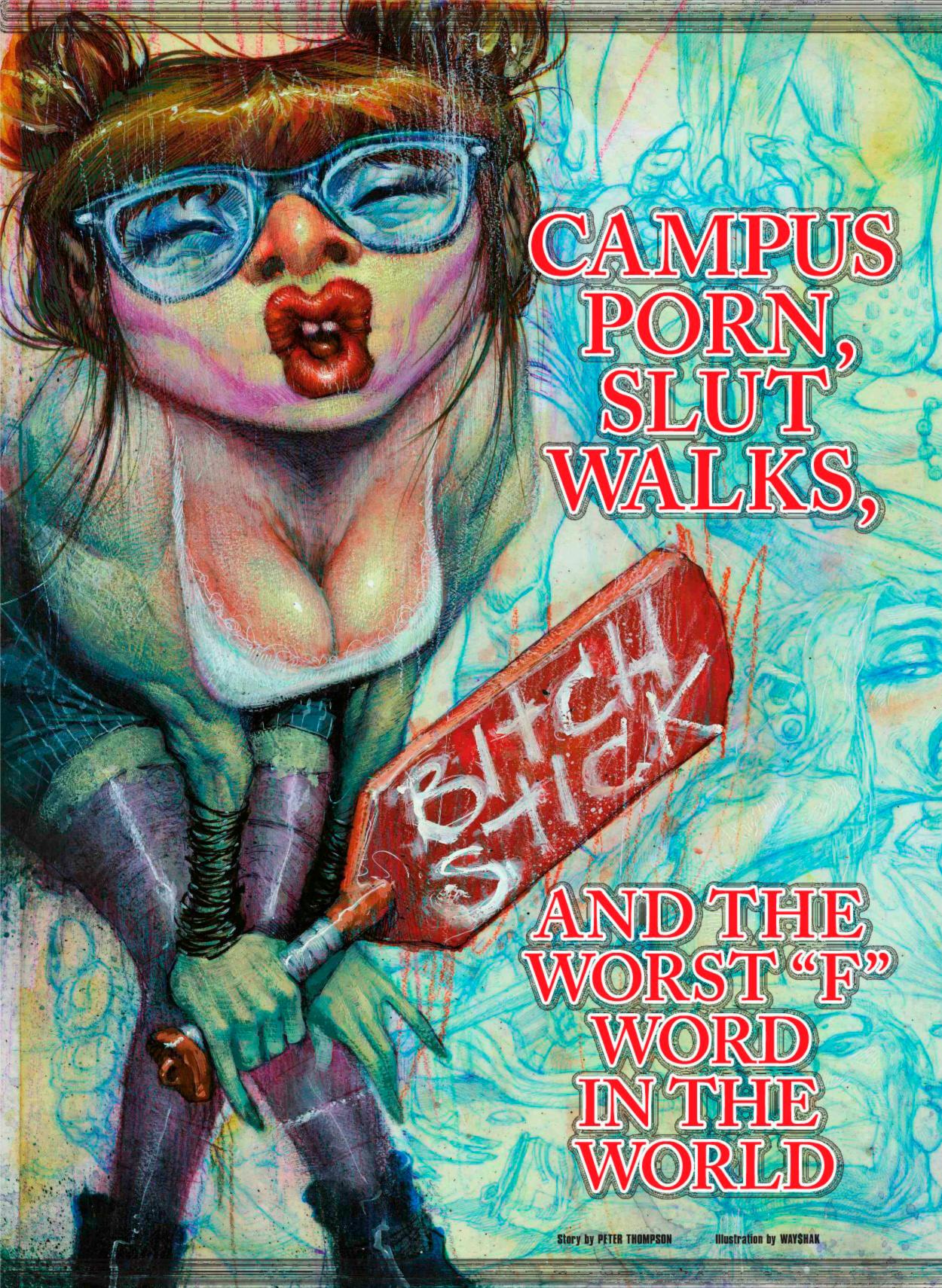








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t's last call on a stale midweek night at the collegiate bar in Westwood Village a spot where the female clientele are irreverently referred to as "frat kill" by the regulars. But nobody's feeling very irreverent tonight. Everyone is mute—silently calculating his particular degrees of end-of-the-night self-hatred and dejection.

The lights, normally as dim as the mahogany walls, shine with a rude brightness, revealing infinite black & white movie star glam shots.

Abruptly, screams of laughter ring out. There's upheaval and tumult at the door. A fight? No. The lone security dude is physically overwhelmed and undermined by a horde of horny coeds dressed in lingerie, lipstick, and heels. They traipse inside,

circles as a Slut Walk—a total mind fuck. The girls aren't showing off their goodies gratuitously, they're making an effort to reclaim the word "slut" as their own—as a symbol of female power.

These brassy bruins are fishing without hooks.

"You can't stop a chick from ballin" says one, an Amazonian, curly haired brunette with a tight undershirt and no bra. Her nipples stick out like her tits are trying to hitch a ride in two different directions.

The suicide sirens wear wide, watery eyes that beam vividly beneath thick layers of make-up and spray-on facial glitter—they walk with a swollen promiscuity, projecting ass and hips with every exaggerated step.

The guys, who had been sitting at

and awkward lap dances break out to the despondent Leonard Cohen chorus playing on the box. Girls flash their tits and pussies; quick make-out sessions erupt right at the gleaming oak bar.

The anarchic swell of semen-seeking undergrads would seem to be out of control.

Quite the opposite, really: these fake fellatrixes are playing by a set of rules that only they know. Basically: anything goes but nothing happens. This is all fun and games for them—mostly games. It's a calculated exercise in being uncalculated. By letting their pussy hair down, they think they're asserting the dominance of their palsied sexuality at the expense of any and all men in their way.

No, they won't go home with any of the spineless schlubs they're

THE GIRLS AREN'T SHOWING OFF THEIR GOODIES GRATUITOUSLY, THEY'RE MAKING AN EFFORT TO RECLAIM THE WORD "SLUT" AS THEIR OWN—AS A SYMBOL OF FEMALE POWER.

swarming right by him. The nubile beauties break ranks and dozens of hot young fillies fill the bar's empty enclaves with overtly suggestive hyper sexuality. Some of the bimbos belly up to the bar, while others prowl around and vamp, cackling and squawking like flamboyant, helium-filled hens. The sirens shake their round little asses back and forth. It's hypnotizing. Those who are wearing them, pull up their shirts and show off their chest fruit. They're bold, brash, and bedizened like rhinestones. unblemished by wrinkles, ghettos of cellulite, or stretch marks.

wear fishnet stockings
and lacey tops.
It's a one-in-a-million, vigorous invasion of
highly debauched undergrad she-savages in

search of some last-minute genital adventures.

Or so it would seem. But this is what's known in feminist the bar coddling their beers for hours, start to gulp them down and beg the barkeep to refresh their pints. They've been had. Hurriedly, they get on their cell phones and spread the news of the fuckable flash mob to every

horny dude within 20 miles.

While these immodest marauders appear to be on some kind of an erotic journey that can only end in an all-out orgy of sexual awakening, they're more likely on a field trip for some Women's Studies or Gender Equality class.

A few of the guys at the bar, mostly students in UCLA gear, are molested by the glut of ginch bright, rough thong-covered asses grind up against them. Spontaneous grinding their asses against. To do so would be committing the ultimate

male above those of the womb warriors. It's a sister-hood—a kind of neo-feminism redefined as cock torture and prick teasing. This whole thing—it's nothing but a rejection of society as they see it...a power trip for those who feel powerless.

Any actual sex that these girls have tonight will happen back at the sorority house or in their dorm rooms and it will be girl-on-girl action or with guys they already have classes with or a crush on.

Tonight is about testing the boundaries inherent in living in a world with no boundaries. It's a proactive exercise in empowerment.

And it's the worst "f" word in the entire language: feminism.

This is some kind of caricatured revenge. And it's pathetic. Seen through that light, what happens next is a little bit more orderly than it first appears.

Madison, a honey-colored, lithe little 20-year-old college sophomore with close-cropped dark, glossy hair and an exotic face howls over the din of drinkers, grabbing a bartender's hand to help her navigate the step up to the top of the bar. Once standing on top, she bucks her hips cheerlessly, like a shrink-wrapped go-go dancer, then lifts her yellow V-neck T-shirt up over her belly ring, exposing her tight, fresh caramel curves and her lacy white seethrough bra. "I decide when and who to fuck!" she wails. "You don't own me and you don't own my tight little beanhole!" she beams while turning around and dropping her shorts to her knees, showing off her satin panties and bending over. Her pussy flab bunches between her legs like a pair of chubby knuckles.

A sexy thick-legged blonde with giant melons suddenly appears beside her. She embraces Madison and the two start to make out playfully.

The bartender hands the two free shots of green liquor in plastic Nyquil cups. "I'm the blowjob queen of Westwood!" shouts the blonde, now on her knees and pretending to give Madison fellatio while her hands reach up under and around, embracing her ass like a sacrament, bringing her genitals flush against her mouth. Madison makes a startling moaning noise and pulls her friend's head deep into her penis-less crevice. The blonde hears somebody, maybe somebody calling her name, maybe she's just dead drunk, and her haunted eyes scan the room with the soulless gaze of a tired butcher, either expecting to recognize somebody or to see the carcass of a freshly butchered sheep.

Just like any storm reliant on the interplay between high and low pressure systems, the Slut Walk spins itself out. The two girls suddenly shrink away from their bar perch and are soon lost in the crowd of femme fatale fakery.

A palpable feeling of gloom overtakes the bar patrons.

The train of rubbernecking mooks has already started to arrive, two, sometimes three at a time. They quickly outnumber the girls. As soon as they sense a critical mass of penis, the once dynamic and dominating group of menstrual minstrels quickly files out, as though circling down a drain.

One last round of female empowerment "woot woots" its way from one end of the bar to another and soon enough, the normal balance of sexes at closing time on a weekday returns to the bar and the scantily-clad powerfraus are history.

The men stand around looking distressed—angry. "If I can't fuck, I want to fight," says one. This could get ugly.

The only proof that the girls were actually there is the lingering cloud

activist Naomi Wolf.

After being taught in universities since the 1960s, this kind of militant sexual feminism catches many young women in its mythic undertow. It presents a false choice: women must either debase themselves and become trashy party girls who swagger as they rattle off their numerical sexual records and brag about their conquests of dick in the same way men talk about banging snatch, or else they can betray their entire

TONIGHT IS ABOUT TESTING THE BOUNDARIES INHERENT IN LIVING IN A WORLD WITH NO BOUNDARIES. IT'S A PROACTIVE EXERCISE IN EMPOWERMENT. AND IT'S THE WORST "F" WORD IN THE ENTIRE LANGUAGE: FEMINISM.

of steamy pheromone stink they left behind in their perfumed wake.

Addie's dorm room, designed to house two students uncomfortably, is crowded with six partially naked and triangle-topped girls, three stunt dicks in board shorts, me, and an Indian guy with a video camera nervously chewing on the lens cap.

"I am proud to be a filthy slut!"
cheers busty senior Latina, Addie,
holding a red opaque drinking cup full
of supermarket brand vodka while her
rubbery nipples pop out of her shirt
as a chilly springtime breeze blows in
through her dorm room windows.

Addie smooches at the lens of the video camera, gets a burst of energy, and does a little dance, then finishes off by lifting her shirt to expose her stocky heads of lettuce. One of her girlfriends sees her silver dollar sized brown areoles and starts to lick them, first making a self-consciously goofy face at the camera.

"To all my slutty bitches!"
toasts Addie, holding up her
drinking cup to the center of the
crowded room, gangsta style.
"Let's get that money!"

The 22-year-old visual arts major is one of many coeds who have embraced the word "slut" as a term of empowerment, as suggested by eminent feminist author

and

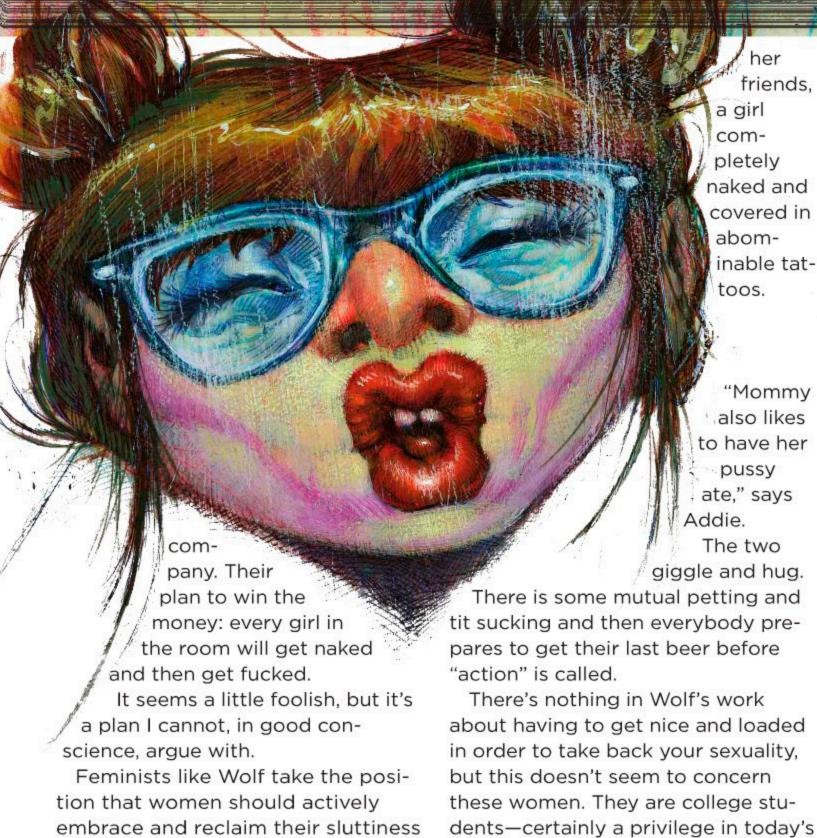
gender and supplicate themselves to the world of men, becoming helpless housewives, void of any sexual pleasure or self-accomplishments. The false dichotomy says: lioness whore, or shriveled old hausfrau. But this is all they've been taught. This is all they know. They don't realize that they can be sexual beings and still derive pleasure from a career and a family.

Instead, most *nouveau-feminists*, like Addie and her friends, join the brutal college hook-up scene that renders them interchangeable sex toys for frat boys.

A college-themed website has a standing offer to pay \$10,000 for hot porn footage filmed by real college girls.

Addie is convinced that her group of friends will each be \$1,000 richer once they send the tape in to the

website



as their own, in order to liberate

Physics class with before they'll fuck a handsome, rich stranger they met at the farmer's market. It stinks of a class battle, frankly.

her

friends.

"College is supposed to be about letting go," says Dee, stepping out of her panties and showing off her perfectly shaven snatch.

Addie had been making eyes at a quiet dark-haired man with a beard at the end of the bed. "Excuse me." she says. "I'm going to blow this motherfucker like Miles Davis blowing his motherfucking trumpet."

Men can certainly make the case for being numbed out by erotic glut. Daily, we're swamped by a surplus of party girls who never seem to age, because every year a new crop replaces them. Why should we ever force ourselves to take on the responsibilities of growing up and sticking to one blood-spewing vage when hot young chicks fuck eternal?

Addie's friend, long tall blonde sorority sister Ashton, agrees wholeheartedly with a woman's right to get her toes curled and then get out of the relationship before the guy starts to read too much into the relationship and wants to get serious

"I'M THE BLOWJOB QUEEN OF WESTWOOD!" SHOUTS THE BLONDE, NOW ON HER KNEES AND PRETENDING TO GIVE MADISON FELLATIO WHILE HER HANDS REACH UP UNDER AND AROUND, EMBRACING HER ASS LIKE A SACRAMENT, BRINGING HER GENITALS FLUSH AGAINST HER MOUTH.

economy, but one that these girls see

themselves from the sexual world of male dominance.

"It's definitely a proactive stance," says Addie, a self-described huge fan of Wolf's. "It's about getting yours and getting off. It's forward-thinking by basically thinking ass-backwards," she chuckles. "You either cum or get cummed on in this world."

In fact, Wolf is stalwart in her belief that a woman should use all her feminine charms and guile—that women should take full advantage of their lusty physical beauty and sexuality to reclaim ownership of their bodies.

"I fuck lots of guys and girls who I am not necessarily in a loving, committed, or long-term relationship with. I just enjoy getting fucked," says sophomore fashion major, Dee. "Mommy likes her some dick."

"Some big black dick," says one of

as more of a right.

"Real life sucks," says Dee. "I'm going to graduate with no job, \$100,000 in debt, and with no real life prospects. You're damn right I'm going to get laid while I'm here."

A strange statement, considering hot horny women could conceivably get laid anywhere they go, and for the rest of their lives—at least while they remain fuckable. And that's one of the peculiarities of being a modern college slut. Yes, they have sex all they want. Yes, they have, in a sense, reclaimed their genital prowess by actively engaging it. But, like the girls in the Westwood bar the night before, these "sluts" turn into teases when they're around guys who aren't members of their exclusive clubnamely, their university. It turns out; they'll fuck an ugly dude they have

and develops feelings. "Just because I let you stick your dick up my asshole and cum in my lower intestine does not mean that I want to be your goddamn friend," she says. "Guess what? I rimmed your asshole so deep I left teeth-marks around your bunghole," she says. "But as soon as you asked me to peg you up the ass with a strap-on you lost me," she says. "God. Stop crying like a whiny little lapdog and get out of my face, Opie!"

"Does that happen a lot?" "You mean --?"

"Is pegging a common request from guys on campus these days? Are chicks banging dudes up the butt?"

She nods. "It's all a part of masculine femininity," she says. "Guys are taught to act like easy pieces."

Or maybe they're just becoming

less and less traditionally masculine in order to compensate for the women acting less and less traditionally feminine." with some surprising names coming up over and over again.

While trying to recruit successful Hollywood filmmaker Aaron Russo to

all grown up and legal. They've been carrying around smart phones in their purses for their whole lives. They're among the first women in

THE NEO-SLUTTY COED IS A PRODUCT OF BOTH UPBRINGING AND ENVIRONMENT—SHE'S THE FUCK-HAPPY FALLOUT FROM SEVERAL GENERATIONS OF RADICAL PRO-SEX FEMINIST THEORY TAUGHT TO MALLEABLE MINDS ON CAMPUS SINCE THE 1960S.

"I'm proud of my sexual exploits," says Ashton. "I fuck people because I want to and I fucking enjoy it. Not because I lack self-esteem orbecause my father didn't love me when I was a kid or my mother never showed me any emotion. I'm sure as hell not doing this to get attention or approval or out of some sense of self-hatred. I love myself. And I love fucking. As a woman, it's pretty easy to get laid. So why the hell should I have to sit around at home knitting ball warmers for my husband and diddling my bits with a homemade vibrator made out of rubber bands and balsa wood? I've got the rest of my life to be miserable and worry about bills and going to work and my husband's lousy needs and wants. Ugh. It's enough already. I'll be miserable when it's time to be miserable. But for now on, I'm going to be happy."

The guy with the camera calls "ACTION!"

Slowly, the lechers in room 246 come together in pairs and threes. They strip off the rest of their clothes and begin to get oral. One girl bends over and throws up in her hands. The barf drops onto one of the towels that cover the linoleum floor.

"Keep filming," says Addie.

The neo-slutty coed is a product of both upbringing and environment— she's the fuck-happy fallout from several generations of radical pro-sex feminist theory taught to malleable minds on campus since the 1960s. Such gratuitous gibberish has been shunted down the throats of every college-educated woman as part of her compulsory education and accepted without debate. Any dissent is quickly labeled misogyny.

Surprisingly, responsibility for a lot of these ideas are actually being found at the highest levels of society,

one of the Illuminati Triads, Nick Rockefeller (scion to the elitist dynasty) reportedly admitted that his family fundamentally invented feminism and then bankrolled its repute in order to help destabilize society as well as the family. The Rockefeller Family Foundation have been long time contributors to nearly all feminist causes and have happily used their control of the mass media to wholesale their ideas. Otherwise thoughtful young women would have been turned into dolls with pull cords, spouting off the party-like-asilly slut party line. Proto-feminists like Margaret Sanger (ardent eugenicist and inspiration to Adolph Hitler who was greatly supported by the Rockefellers) grabbed the

with it. Feminism teaches women to reject the traditional marriage model as anachronistic and outdated, oppressive, and stereotypical. By completely discrediting love and marriage, women are left with nothing to exchange for the love of men except sexual favors, creating generations of women milk-fed on fucking and sucking. By first making women victims by virtue of their sex and giving them a sense of grievance and rebellion, feminism was oversold to the masses.

feminist torch and ran

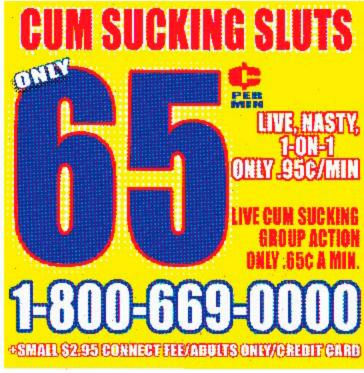
Not that we're complaining. In a lot of ways, feminism is responsible for the porn boom that created magazines like ours and continue to allow the Internet to be a carousel of flesh.

Today's college freshmen are the original sexting generation, now history to have such unfettered access to hardcore porn of every stripe at the flick of a wrist.

Naomi Wolf and feminists like her are simply attacking a straw man—the one that says women should be ashamed of expressing their sexuality. The one that says unless they embrace their inner "shadow slut," they will always be under the thumb and at the mercy of sadistic males. But one simply does not follow the other. Women should be allowed to embrace their sexuality without throwing away everything else of value in their lives—it's simply not an either-or decision.















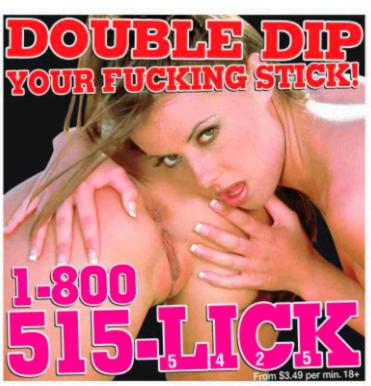


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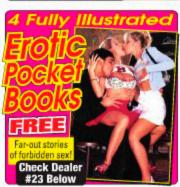
































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THE HIGH SOCIETY INTERVIEW

AS VEGAS, NV-NO OTHER ADULT PERFORMER OVER THE AGE OF 30 HAS HAD A MORE INCREDIBLE YEAR THAN INDIA SUMMER. THE 2012 XBIZ AND AVN [ADULT VIDEO NEWS] "MILF OF THE YEAR," INDIA HAS RECEIVED PRAISE FOR HER STEAMY SEX SCENES AS WELL AS HER AMAZING ACTING ABILITIES. SHE'S STARRED IN A NUMBER OF FEATURE FILMS AND PARODIES, AND IS CURRENTLY ONE OF GIRLFRIENDS FILMS' HOTTEST CONTRACT GIRLS. AND INDIA LOVES HER LESBIAN-CENTRIC STUDIO BECAUSE IT ALLOWS HER TO PLAY MOSTLY DOMINEERING, RICH BITCH-GIRL ROLES—HER FAVORITE. HOWEVER, THIS MIDWESTERN SWEETHEART COULDN'T BE MORE DIFFERENT THAN THE BITCHY VILLAINESSES SHE PORTRAYS ON FILM. INDIA MADE HERSELF AVAILABLE TO HIGH SOCIETY ON THE FLOOR OF THE AEE [ADULT ENTERTAINMENT EXPO] CONVENTION TO DISCUSS HER CAREER AND REVEAL THE SECRET TO HER SUCCESS. MS. SUMMERS IS CHARMING, BEAUTIFUL, AND EASY TO TALK TO; IT'S NO WONDER SHE HAD LONG LINES OF FANS WRAPPING AROUND THE GIRLFRIENDS FILMS BOOTH WAITING PATIENTLY JUST TO MEET HER. TO TELL THE TRUTH, WE COULDN'T TAKE OUR EYES OFF HER EITHER—AND SHE WASN'T EVEN NAKED. THE SCOOP IS THIS BEAUTIFUL SEX GODDESS HAS NO PLANS TO SLOW DOWN SOON, AND LOOKS FORWARD TO THE LONG PORN CAREER THAT LIES AHEAD OF HER. CRITICS AND FANS AGREE, INDIA SUMMER IS ONE PORN'S MOST EXCITING PERFORMERS TO WATCH!

HIGH SOCIETY: Professionally speaking, how would you rate 2011?

INDIA SUMMER: Oh my god! 2011 was huge for me. Winning Best Actress...I heard there was a poll taken and I was the most-shot female talent this last year. I was really busy, shooting all the time and really trying to get my own company going. 2011 and 2012 are a big deal for me.

HS: Can you talk about your new company? **IS:** I'm just getting everything together. I've been working on some scripts for quite some time and

have several large features that I would like to get together and get some backing for [them], and get those put out. I'm going to be working on my second Girlfriends Films movie as well, *Perfect Fit*. We'll see what happens.

HS: Your performances are always very intense, but in most of your Girlfriends Films roles you usually play the more bitchy characters. Why is that?

IS: You can thank Dan O'Connell for that. [Laughs]
He writes the roles and he seems to put me in those
most of the time. I had to tell him eventually, I'm
naturally a sub[missive]. And he's always

put me in the more dominating, bitchy roles and I had to bring it for him. He said I did such a good job that's all he wants me to do. [Laughs]

HS: I've always heard you're such a nice person.

IS: Why is she such a bitch on TV? [Laughs]

HS: In the last volume of Fashion House you play such a complete bitch.

IS: I am. And in *Lesbian Legal* I was pretty brutal.

HS: Is it difficult to play these roles when you're naturally not that type of person?

IS: No. I just go to the worst PMS place you could ever go in your life. I take that back. Sometimes it's harder with certain girls, which might seem odd. Prinzess and I are really close, so it's kind of hard to be cuntish to her.

HS: You're equally well known for your boy-girl scenes. Who are some of your favorite performers to work with?

IS: Top ones off the top of my head: Shane Diesel; I've always loved working with him. He's a joy. Danny Mountain, Xander Corvus...there's really so many. Most of the guys have been really, really awesome. I've been lucky.

HS: Will your new company shoot mostly boy-girl and girl-girl?

IS: It's going to be a little bit of everything. It's not going to be all hardcore sex. It's [general content]





developing and there's going to be a bit of everything for somebody.

But this new one that's out, Lesbian Sex, you get to know each other for 15, 20 minutes, if you didn't already know each other, then you go out and have crazy wild sex.

HS: What is it that you prefer doing more, acting in feature films or doing just a straight sex scene?

IS: I really like that I have the ability to do both. I like the days when I show up and I know I'm doing a feature for three days and I know I'm going to focus on the acting and then start the sex at midnight, [Laughs] which is awesome. Then the next



week I know that I have two gonzo scenes to shoot, so it's really nice to have both. I really do enjoy both aspects of it.

HS: I think one of the hottest group sex scenes of the year was in Sister Wives XXX: A Porn Parody with you, Lisa Sparxxx and Samantha 38G.

IS: Did you see it? Did you *love* it? They were the sweetest, sweetest girls. I had a blast with them. I was really glad to meet them and work with them.





I like sensual ladies and I can obviously switch from sub[missive] and dom[inante], so whatever needs to happen, happens.

HS: You had a lot of fun?

IS: Yes! And, of course, there was Evan Stone. He just brought everything together, as usual.

HS: I loved it because you never see heavy girls [having sex with] thin girls, especially in a Vivid movie. So it was pioneering, in a way.

IS: Yes, I agree. It was sexy. I had a really nice time.

HS: Name your favorite Girlfriends Films series?

IS: I really enjoyed Lesbian Legal. That was one of my favorite characters to actually play. But this new one that's out, Lesbian Sex, where we have an interview with each other and then we just go and have sex like we always wanted to, I enjoy that. Even though we're not really carrying the character through the sex, you kind of are, so this Lesbian Sex thing is nice. You get to know each other for 15, 20 minutes, if you didn't already know each other, then you go out and have crazy wild sex.

HS: What are your goals for 2012? **IS:** I'm really focusing on my own company, my own website, working on the second movie to *Perfect Fit*, and really just enjoying myself. 2011 and 2012 have been big years for me, so I'm going to try to make the most of it.







I think one of my dirtiest, hardcore boy-girl scenes was with Rocco Siffredi in one of his *American Tour* movies. I can't remember the name of it, but it was an amazing time, amazing.

HS: Can you define the term "porn star" and do you consider yourself to be one?

IS: I don't know if there really are porn stars anymore. I feel like in this day and age there's so many of us that the fans just embrace you and I'm blessed that way.

HS: Whom would you call genuine porn stars?

IS: The Wicked Girls.

HS: What goes into making a really hot sex scene?

IS: I need chemistry. That's Number One—for me, it's not always about looks. We [my costar] might not hit off right away just by looking at each other, but if there's something there you're going to know it, and that's going to bring about a really hot sex scene for me. I like sensual ladies and I can obviously switch from sub[missive] and dom[inante], so whatever needs to happen, happens. It's just nice to be yourself.

HS: Can you tell me about one of the hottest sex scenes you've ever done?







I like the days when I show up and I know I'm doing a feature for three days and I know I'm going to focus on the acting and then start the sex at midnight, [Laughs] which is awesome.

IS: Within the last year, Girlfriends [Films] has probably captured some of my hottest scenes. The new lesbian one with Prinzess and I, where we just got to go at each other, crazy time. Several others! Dana

DeArmond, we had an amazing scene together. Veronica Avluv, Zoey Holloway. I think one of my dirtiest, hardcore boy-girl scenes was with Rocco Siffredi in one of his American Tour movies. I can't remember the name of it, but it was an amazing time, amazing.

HS: Is he really a charmer?

IS: A *charmer?* [Laughs] I don't know if that's the word I would use, but maybe.

HS: Since you do a lot of MILF and Cougar roles, do you prefer working with older or younger performers?

IS: For me it's what you bring to the table. If you are hot and intense, that's what I like. There are some young girls that aren't comfortable, aren't experienced, and can't bring that, and then there are some young girls that can. So it just depends on the chemistry and what they bring. If you're hot, I don't really care how old you are.

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For more information on India Summer, please visit her on Twitter @MsIndiaSummer and on her blog at www.blogsmut.com.







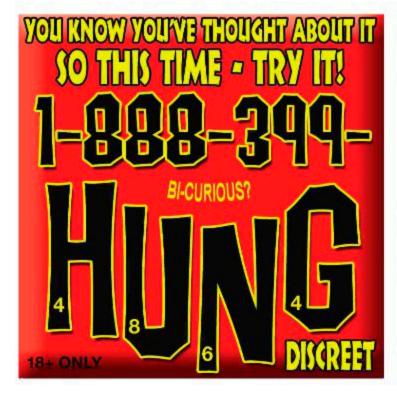












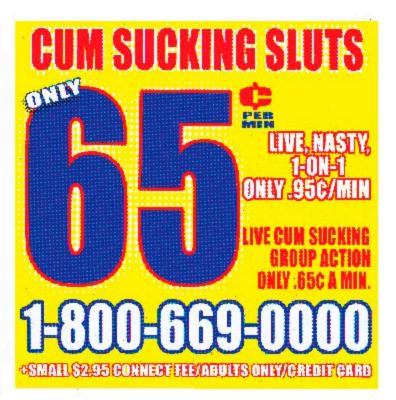










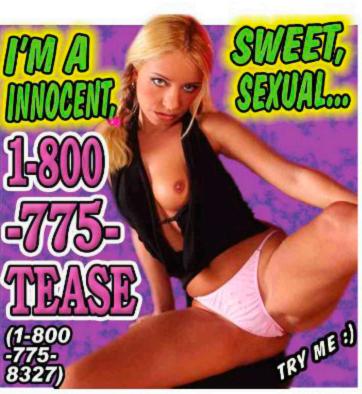












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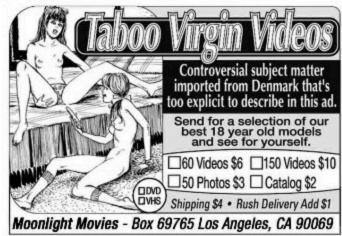




























































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TOILET TARI

ellie causes quite a stir with her freaky toilet fetish. Sitting on the bowl makes her feel like a queen on her throne. The sound of a bowl being flushed lubes up her loins and dampens her meat crease. She knows it's a filthy fucking habit. Still, Mellie lays her head against the commode as though it's her lover's chest. There is no halfway when it comes to bringing the pleasures of the bedroom into the bathroom—either you love it or you find it totally revolting. Mellie pulls a fresh toilet seat cover out of the box. She strokes her wet pink yam and jiggles her lever, wrestling the paper cover down on top of the seat. "I always use protection," she says, plunging two spit-smeared fingers from her potty mouth into her goo pit.







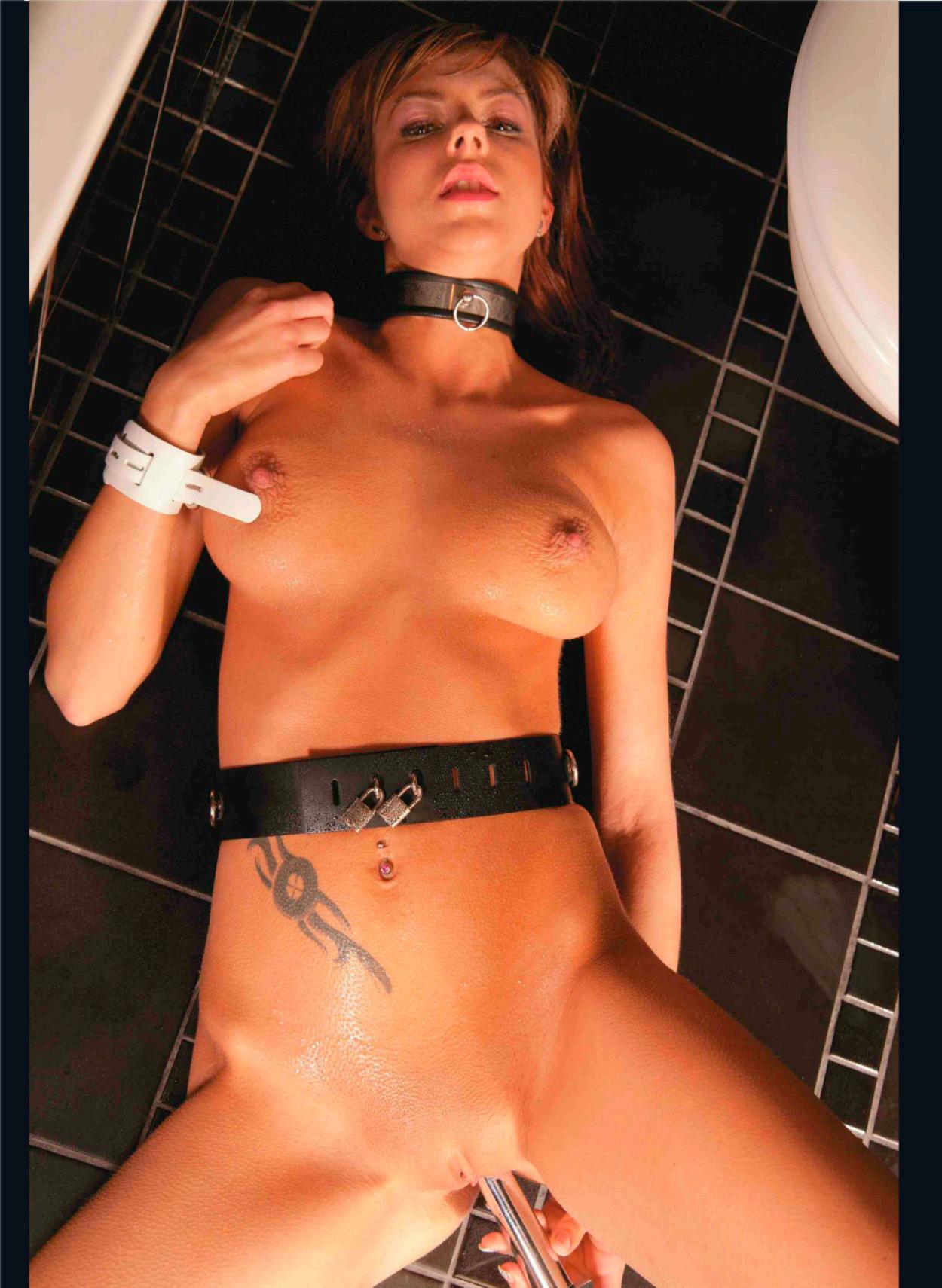












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Our **November** issue is a real workout—because you're sure to build up your biceps jerking off to this outrageously sexy smut! First up is a pair of personal trainers who "train" their trampy trollips to suck dick and fuck like wild banshees to crank up their cardio in a **wild workout orgy!** Then porn superstar **Kayden Cross** drops by in a steamy, oily spread, and we're here to tell you that this babe's never looked better. After that, a couple of country club cougars wrap up a game of tennis by wrapping their hands around some lucky stiff in a mental MILF marathon! We warned you this issue was outrageous—so be sure to grab your copy of **HIGH SOCIETY on sale August 7th!**